

Luxt, Troll

Waste time talking to the wall, you'd be better off alive.
When you think you'd seen it all, things get more hectic.

Waste mind, 40 hour hell, sell your soul and sign here,
what you feared is now your life.
Once you knew about the secrets, lost in smoke and paper,
hiding from the real black light

Now I bet you can't remember, embers turned to ashes,
and the magic's buried in your past.

Now I've learned to hold a grudge.
You've taught me very well.
I'd judge you but I just don't care.
Relics, buried in your sorrow
Where you'll be tomorrow.
Is it what you'd hoped the time would tell?